UNITY.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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THE LIBERAL PREACHERS OF AMERICA OUT OF THE PULPIT.

XII.
RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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The man who stands forth among the intellectual workers of America, as the confessed leader, is Ralph Waldo Emerson. He is conceded to be, by the scholars of both continents, the ripest product of the civilization of our western world. He has been prominently before the literary world for nearly half a century. They call him a philosopher and transcendentalist,—sometimes a poet. Some of the critics say he cannot be understood; that he does not know what he means himself; that his essays can be read with equal profit by reading from the end to the beginning, and his great name is sometimes used to round a sentence expressing some callow youth's estimate of Boston culture. But whatever the critics may say, the circle of his readers widens. He speaks to the world now in many tongues. He comes to his own and his own receive him. Emerson speaks to the universal heart of man; talks of the ever young, the ever old. He is a later Plato born in this golden west of ours, the shades of the Academe are about him. He deals with the most sublime truths with the ease of a master, and dares the highest heaven of thought where,—

> "Unlike things are like;
> Where good and ill,
> And joy and moan,
> Melt into one."
> Where "Past, Present, Future shoot
> Triple blossoms from one root."

And yet this soarer writes of "Farming," "Civilization," and "Fate," with as much practical sense as the typical Yankee.

His feet are always on the earth while above him "soars the eternal sky full of light and of deity." I think there never was such another poetical philosopher, such a realist and idealist in one. They call him impracticable, a dreamer, and yet no man hugs the fact more closely than he. He gives a new meaning to things; uncovers for us new relations; bridges over the widest chasms in thought with airy, beautiful structures, and yet you feel that the abutments are laid deep in the solid rock.

Emerson is a true liberal; he welcomes all truth to his fellowship and hails with joy every honest worker. The man is lost in his love of what is true. Here is no egotism. He is the humble discoverer of truth, not the maker of it. The truth will be said, if not by him then by some one else. "Man is an inlet to God and to all of God," is his brief statement of man's relation to the source of truth. There is no posturing in his composition; there are no tricks to draw attention to the writer. If he does sometimes, by the "stairway of surprise," lead us into upper chambers of his subject, it is always for the sake of a better understanding of the truth.

Emerson is no iconoclast; he has no fellowship with those who would trample rudely and defiantly on the cherished convictions of men. He sows his seed and patiently waits the sunshine and shower to bring the harvest. In the hands of God are the issues of life.

If the laws of heredity be true, if any trait of character is carried from father to son, constantly tending to make itself more certain and permanent, then, we should expect to find Emerson a devout man. They say seven generations of ministers lie back of him. For one hundred and fifty years, those to whom he is "tethered by the liquid cord of blood," have been praying for the gift of the spirit. He seems constantly in the spiritual. How this presence of deity flames out in his "Oversoul," and in his poems. To him all things are spiritual. God is in us and we in him; everything is universal, nothing local,—the spiritual world is the real one and everything exists to moral ends. His essays and poems are full of rare conceptions of the spirit lying back of the material universe. Everything in nature has its spiritual significance. The power back of the mountain and lake seem very close to him. Nature is deity clothed. The flower and bird and pine tree exist by the same right as himself and are as much a part of the universe. He finds in a damp nook the fresh

Rhodora, and on being asked whence came the flower, said:

Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same power brought me there, brought you.

Mountains are "grand affirmers of the present tense and types of permanence;" they are the pearl seeds that the bard and seer of large thought may string as beads. There is to him like significance in works of art. Man on one side of his being is in primary connection with absolute truth. Deity moves in him. The statues and the poems are greater than the sculptor or poet dreams. There seems to be almost a fate in the works of genius. The statue will be chiseled, the poem will be written, divinity and humanity combine in this new creation in art. The universe is knit together in love. The laws below are sisters to the laws above. The human soul frets for the upper zones. All great poets have longed to pierce the veil and have voiced their aspirations grandly, but none of all the names in song have looked more steadily into the beyond than he. He seems native in the mountain heights of truth. And what a grand hope and faith this has given him. He never scolds and never bewails; he is chief of the optimists. The horrid front of war is crowned with beauty and above the decadence of a civilization or a race, plays the promise of better things. From the grave of a dead theology, bud beautiful flowers of tenderness and spirituality. Out of "spent and aged things" God creates new worlds of beauty and order.

Emerson is remarkable for the clearness of his statement, the perfect possession of his thought. Carlyle says he has the clearest brain of any man living. If Emerson had a mental boyhood, we do not learn it from his published writings. There is no suggestion of rawness in the very earliest. The key note of the new and old gospel of transcendentalism was struck with the hand of a master in his first essay. We never think of him as a beginner. He seems born into a calm wisdom, as though he breathed the atmosphere that flows about the great minds of the ages. There is a pose and balance about his intellect, a polarity in his thought that makes it universal. His essay on "Art," might have been written in some golden age in the past, and its truth is as fresh as the morning dew. The fountains of his inspiration are so deep that they have never run dry. His last essay shows the same freshness and mental grasp that mark the productions of his middle life. Loving truth for its own sake he never worries about his reputation, or about what the critics may think of his new book or have said of his old ones. He sits quietly at home and utters those things that seem to him to make for the good of the world.

We do not know all the forces that conspired to his mental furnishing. He undoubtedly owes much for stimulus and inspiration to the men and women who surrounded him. When the history of the intellectual and moral development of New England shall be written, the little band of transcendentalists will hold no unimportant place. It must have been a liberal education to have known them. What life and power to be garnered from Margaret Fuller, Hawthorne, Ripley, Parker and Alcott, Each inspired all the rest, and a flame was kindled that has melted dogmas and creeds and warmed the deeper religious life of men and woman.

So descended and so companioned, we might justly expect much of Emerson. It was a soil and climate promising a ripe fruitage.

He has been an industrious and careful worker. His essays comprise eight volumes, his poems two. This seems very little you say, for more than forty years constant labor. Judged by the works of Scott and Dickens, it does seem very little, and yet we must remember the quality of the work. Each sentence has been weighed, the thought chiseled from the primal quarry. I do not believe that another ten volumes of equal worth have been written in our century.

Those who are best acquainted with Emerson's works, bless the day that led him down out of an Unitarian pulpit to preach those sermons in essays and poems, that will live and find a fuller response in the generations that will follow us. The literature of New England would be robbed of its brightest jewels if the wise utterances of the great idealist were taken out. His lovers see a providence too, in his being led to the quiet village of Concord, where, in the shadow of the century-old elms, he has brooded over the things of spirit and nature. Removed from the din of the world's affairs, and yet near enough to feel the pulsing life of humanity, he and his co-laborers, and that younger lover of birds and flowers, Thoreau, have made this New England village a Mecca for the lovers of fine manhood and womanhood. Emerson left his pulpit in Boston because he could not, in conscience, administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He bids farewell to the bustling world with song, and with joy he goes to the little village that he and his

fellows were to make so famous. Hear him sing about it,—

"Good-bye proud world! I'm going home,
I'm going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green the livelong day,
Echo the blackbirds' roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God."

It is not my purpose to write a review of Emerson's works, or to even name the essays that fill his volumes. That were a work too great for the limits of this essay. I have attempted to indicate some of the ruling principles in his life and work, to give some hints of the man himself as I gather them from his published writings. The high plane of his thinking, his constant recognition of the fact, his loyalty to the moral sentiment, his devoutness and tenderness, his closeness to nature, his grand hopefulness, his calm wisdom, his love of what is true, his modesty, these will suggest something of the man.

But, you say, what of this essayist as a liberal preacher? What has been the influence of his philosophy on the religious and theologic thought of his time? These essays are his sermons. His theology, his philosophy, himself is here. There is not a firstly or secondly in any of the volumes. He never dogmatizes, and his philosophy you must gather as you gather the philosophy of Shakspeare, sipping here and there of ten thousand flowers as the bees in the meadows of June. The orthodoxy of five-and-thirty years ago, with flaming torch went up and down his pages to find those dogmas that were changing the thinking of men, that they might match them with shibboleth from Edwards or Luther. But it found no dogma. There were keen trenchant sentences, there were truths that were brothers to the flowers, the native food of well-born souls in all the ages, but there was no creed, no dogmatic statement. If beneath a flaming sentence the theologians caught the idea that *there* was something that in principle made against their cherished statements, and was yet so plain that when in undress their common sense could not deny it, they called it "transcendental nonsense," and so, in their minds, disposed of it forever. It was rather with what he did not say, they found most fault.

Because God flames through the whole universe, halting now in atom, now in star, baffling our imagination, Emerson could not put Him in a definition, but stood in the long line of seers and prophets, with bared brows and upturned eyes, trying to utter even the name of the Ineffable. For this the modern Jove wor hipers named him Pantheist.

Then, too, his idea of immortality was a source of great perplexity to those who honestly feared and yet did not know how to answer his teachings. Not to believe in a personal immortality, was an offense not to be forgiven; not to know the secrets of the beyond and the exact condition of our being, was gross ignorance in a public teacher; to affirm that immortality, whether personal or otherwise, was as much a law of spirit as gravitation was of matter, was somehow to take away the "gift of God," and make it a mere matter of law.

But while Emerson was too devout and reverent to put God in a definition; too honest to say that he knew the issues of life and the dawning of the tomorrow of our existence, or the exact "how" of our being there, and so worried the dogmatists, nevertheless, there were points vital in the ruling theology that were brought to judgment. Between which and the transcendental thought of Emerson there was an irreconcilable conflict,—not a battle of syllogisms, for Emerson is no Polemic. He affirmed and trusted to the power of the truth. Much of the ruling theology decayed in the shadow of the new faith he taught.

One fundamental truth that runs through and through his essays and poems, is the dignity of the human soul. It was the watchword of the transcendentalist. It was written deep in the heart of Channing and blazed in the eloquence of Parker, and has become so much a part of our thinking today that we are almost ready to say that we never held otherwise five and twenty years ago. There was no groveling in the new faith, no self-abasement, but affirmation and rejoicing. Man stood upright and might again commune with a God in whom there was no anger, but infinite tenderness. Not in the defeated hopes of a loving Father had the lines of our lives been laid, but in an overarching wisdom that saw the ascending generations of men from the beginning. The transcendentalists mourned for no fallen world, but rejoiced and labored to the perfecting of an ever-rising humanity. If in their thought they placed Jesus with Buddha and Socrates, they also lifted all men to a higher plane, making them brothers to the Nazarene in very fact in all struggle and possibility. To them religion was native to the soul, it was climate; it brooded in tenderness over the first human being. Man was linked to God by no sacrificial offering, but lived in the light of deity by virtue of his very creation.

"Heaven kindly gave our blood a moral flow."

In Emerson's thought there is no final disaster for man. The moral is the ever-rising spiral. Man is born to a priceless heritage that no three score and ten years of failure here may rob him of. There may be aberration as of a star, but the soul will come again into its constant orbit, "and man, though in brothels, or jails or on gibbets, is on his way to all that is good and true."

At the heart of the New Gospel was the moral sentiment. It is in the spiritual world what gravitation is in the physical; it is the foundation of all society and flowers into religion; it is the constitution of the soul. This abides forever the same. By the maturing of the mind, theologic forms and beliefs fall. What is divine never fails. As the tree bears its fruit, so the soul bears beliefs. It makes theologies and Bibles. Churches may crumble, theologies change, but the spirit that builded them ever fresh and young weaves again new forms for its thought. "God builds his temples in the heart on the ruins of churches and religions." From the decay of theologic opinion, comes no "moral interregnum." The moral sentiment sits quietly at home and sees the breaking up of opinions and is not moved to fear. The beams of the moral universe are laid too deep in human hearts to be rudely shaken by the ebb and flow of theologies. The religion of Emerson is hopeful and yet almost austere in its requirements. He sings of man as freighted with grand possibilities, but the success of his voyage will come only through a glad obedience to the moral law.

"There will be a new church," he says, "founded on moral science, at first cold and naked, a babe in a manger again, the algebra and mathematics of ethical law, the church of men to come, without shawms or psaltery or sackbut; but it will have heaven and earth for its beams and rafters; science for symbol and illustration; it will fast enough gather beauty, picture, poetry. Was never stoicism so stern and exigent as this shall be. It shall send man home to his central solitudes, shame these social supplicating manners and make him know that much of the time he must have himself to his friend. He shall expect no co-operation, he shall walk with no companion. The nameless thought, the nameless power, the super-personal heart—he shall repose alone on that. He needs only his own verdict. No good fame can help him, no bad fame can hurt him. The laws are his consolers, the good laws themselves are alive, they know if he have kept them, they animate him with the leading of great duty and an endless horizon Honor and fortune exist to him who always recognizes the neighborhood of the great, always feels himself in the presence of high causes."

And so he quietly preached, this essayist and liberal preacher, for forty years, through book and from the lecture platform. No other man in our time has had so great an influence in the shaping of the current of our religious thinking, and slowly and surely the troubled stream of religious thought is flowing into the channels he has marked out. Emerson's thought was too broad for the Unitarian pulpit he filled; but only as the Unitarian faith has gathered into itself the leading lines of transcendental thought has it adequately ministered to the spiritual needs of its followers. A theology that formulates one God may be as rigid as one that formulates three. Transcendentalism has liberalized Unitarianism and kept it from going to seed.

Another great liberal preacher has said: "A true prophet is he or she whose reason, whose heart, whose conscience, whose sentiment is strung to great key notes in life and the nature of things—men and women whose ears are close down to the earth, hearkening for the velvet tread of the coming days of beauty and life."

Such an one we name the quiet, loving seer of Concord. His life work is almost ended. Patiently he bears the great burden of his years, and with a smile that is born of the "Oversoul" waits his coming change. Hand in hand his philosophy and poetry pass into the thinking of the world. His philosophy is broader than sect, stronger than dogma, a meliorating power, a breeder of hopefulness and aspiration in both pulpit and pews,—and the world will learn to write his name with the names of those who have sung,—

"Divine ideas below,
Which always find us young,
And always keep us so."

REALITY.

J. V. B.

A divine stream flows from the center of all the visible and invisible, pouring out forever, sending on all sides streams of justice, truth, beauty, love, life and joy. These live, and are the One of the "Great Name." They enter into creatures, and the creatures are filled with their Creator. So with the plants, when they grow up, towering into the air, and fill out their buds, leaves, blossoms and fruit. What can they be filled with but the Infinite Life, or what else live by but by the One in whom all moving things agree? What do they but incarnate God? What we see when we behold a tree living so grandly, flinging on the air its wealth of sweet odors or of graceful motion or sunny sheen from lissom leaves or twinkling light of silvery under-surface—the shiver of aspens or fragrance of magnolia or color of liburnum—is God. When a person drinks from the divine stream of justice, he is being filled with God. When the justice is appropriated by his fibre and spirit, he lives God. "If a man is at heart just," says a great seer, "then in so far is he God. The safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty of God, do enter into that man with justice."

Therefore it comes to pass that any man will do well for himself and others who simply and truthfully will tell what he thinks, describe what he sees. It is he who is the living witness of the moment; it is he who opens his lips to drink of the divine stream of truth, justice, love, that pours on forever from the center. Drinking thereof, he will speak or act with a divine authority. There will be then no false appearance, no pretense in him. He will

be all real and true. He will tell that which is a real and moving experience of his soul; he will utter what his reason toils with and clears up. He will not copy anything; he will not say anything because it is customary or popular or easy; he will not recite any creed, or echo any synod, or follow a fashion or bow to an idol or bend to a book; he will not robe himself in any Past, though it be magnificent; he will not be drawn away by any Future, though it be seductive; he will be simply real and true in the present, and speak what is real and plain to his eyes; he will believe in the omnipresence of the One from whose eternal stream of justice he drinks. When tradition replaces the soul; when men and teachers require only to repeat what has been sanctioned, or to attach religion to any time or to any person, it being in every time and for every person; when men replace what is living now in themselves, by what lived at some time in others; when what is witnessed is passed by and what is felt or thought is unsaid, while what is memorized is repeated; when religion is not a living testimony of men, but dependence on records, rituals or readings,—then flows through the church, the school, the market, court and dwelling, a "stream of ice and death."

HARRIET RYAN AND THE CHANNING HOME.

"ONE OF THE ROMANCES OF BENEVOLENCE."

The Channing Home was established in Boston as a refuge for incurable consumptive patients, about twenty years ago. It was founded by a young Roman Catholic girl, named Harriet Ryan. The story of its foundation is one of the best proofs of the reality of Christian unity.

A few weeks ago I saw in a notice of the "Channing Home," published in a Boston daily paper, the following sentence:

"'Founded by Miss Harriet Ryan, afterwards Mrs. Albee,' is the sum and substance of the history of the institution, according to the handbook; but a few minutes' talk with matron or patient reveals the fact that these few words cover one of the Romances of Benevolence."

This reminded me that I had been far too long faithless to a trust.

Some twenty years ago a fair was held in Worcester, Massachusetts, in aid of the Home. I happened to be there at the time, and told some things that I knew concerning Harriet's life. One of the gentlemen interested asked me whether I would not go to see her when I returned, and take down her story from her own lips. He thought it could be printed in some fanciful way, and sold for the benefit of her "incurables." I felt certain that her sweet, shy nature would never consent to this, bnt there was no harm in trying, so I went.

I copy here my account of the interview, as I wrote it in my journal, on the 18th of March, 1859. I took down all that Harriet said, in short-hand, and read it over to her after it was written out.

"I found the lower part of the house in South street in great confusion, as the family had just moved in. I was told that Miss Ryan was at dinner, and that I might go and sit with the patients till she finished. With the patients everything was neat and refreshing,—oil-cloths were on the floor, and snowy quilts over iron bedsteads, with plain white cotton curtains to screen the inmates from one another. At a table covered with fancy-work sat one tidy woman, dressed in black, and warped out of all human shape by what I should call scrofulous gout. She was trimming a bridal cushion with satin ribbon and silver cord, with those twisted, spasmodic fingers. Near her stood a girl dying with enlargement of the heart,—off her bed to-day, and working not so much for herself as for those yet to be sheltered under Harriet Ryan's wing. The next was a patient in the last stages of consumption. I was talking with these three when a slight figure passed between us; a shy, sweet face was raised to mine, and Harriet Ryan said:

"'I had quite forgotten you were waiting.'

"The story which follows was given with great sweetness, and frankly. When I wished I questioned her, but I interrupted her as seldom as possible, and the discerning reader will guess from her own words *where* the questions were interposed.

"'I know very little of my father. My mother was a Halifax woman, but he was an Irishman. When he married her she must have had considerable money, and that I think went to stock a sort of variety store which he kept. Mother was his second wife, and there were several children by the first marriage. After a while the store was burned down, while the family were at church, and I suppose the loss must have been very great. Then they came to New England, and went to Brewster's Island. There was but one family on the island. My father was employed blasting rocks, and so on, and one day he was thrown into the air, after which he kept his bed for eleven years. After this misfortune they moved to Boston, to Province street, where I was born. My mother always spoke of this as a very hard time. After my father's death she sewed for a living, but while we were all little the family was mostly supported by my two half-sisters. One of them was a shoe binder, the other lived out. We lived very close, and most of their earnings came home. I think I was about twelve years old when I heard a sad conversation between my mother and a young girl whose sister had been given up at the Massachusetts General Hospital. She told my mother that she earned two dollars a week, and was willing to give a dollar and a half to have her sister taken care of; but she was always changing, people found it so much trouble. My mother said she could never take care of the sick for money, *that* would never pay anybody for such care; but she would try what she could do for the sake of her Master. So the young girl came with her sick sister, and I used to wait upon her a great deal. When I got tired or looked out of temper, mother would say, "Do you find it so hard to work for God?" After this girl died, mother took another who was an American and a Protestant. She also staid with us till she died. At last mother

lost the use of her eyes by tic douloureux, and then she could not help us. My only own sister died of consumption, and I watched over my little brother for many years. I began by being maid to Miss Sarah Greene in Beacon street, and when I left her I took to dressmaking, but it hurt me, and I went to see Dr. James Jackson. He said I must have the air, that if I did I might live many years. So I took up hair-dressing, which, as I walked from house to house, agreed with me. It happened that I saw a great deal of the sick. Sometimes I would find a woman confined on a bare floor; sometimes a girl, once reared in comfort, now dying of consumption and filth. I once went to watch with a sick girl in Province street, in the very house where we had lived. I think *that* drew me. The rats walked back and forth the whole night. I am very afraid of rats.

"'Well, I used to talk to the ladies whose hair I dressed. Mrs. Frederick Bradlee and Miss Lucy Bradlee helped me first. They gave me money, and I could afford to give a good deal of my own then, for I made a great deal by my hair-dressing. When I found one dying and wretched, I used to try to get decent board for her, but it was hard and the places were dirty. One winter I had a very bad case, and I was dressing Miss G., who was soon to be married to a gentleman from New York. I knew she *was not frivolous at heart, only from custom,* and as I combed her hair I thought how differently she would live if she only knew how people suffered. So I told her my story, and begged her to go and see my poor woman just once. "But I am going to be married," she said, "and have so much to do; how can I ever spare time?" "But just once won't take so much time," I said. Then she went, and became, as I knew she would, very much interested. When I had found boarding places for my patients, I had to go myself to see that they were not neglected,—to get them their three meals a day. For one young girl—who, as I found by her letters after her death, had been very respectable—I did this daily, and for the last three weeks of her life I staid with her. It was the winter of the last "Almacks Assemblies," and stormy weather, and I used to come in from my hair-dressing wet and dripping, and throw myself for the night on a mattress at her side. She prayed for me, oh! so many prayers, when she was dying, and I know her sickness was blest to me,—for you see all this has come of it.

"'I had more comfort in that case than any since. No one knew of it, and it *seemed* like working for God. I began this life at about nineteen. My mother had died when I was sixteen. I am thirty now,—nearly thirty-one. When I was young, and looked forward to having a home of my own, as young girls will, I always thought I would do as my mother did, and have two rooms for this purpose, and so the wish grew in me. I lived with my sister and had one pretty room. At last I took one sick girl there, but my sister did not like it, and said if I persisted she would leave me. I began to want a room and a nurse, for I had one patient who had dreadful bed-sores, just for want of care and cleanliness. The ladies were willing to help me,—so was my sister, if I would only keep my own room to rest in. But it was not so easy,—no one wanted to take the sick people. One day my sister said, "There is that vestry next door, shut up ever since we came here. I wonder if you could not have that?" I laid awake all night thinking of it, and then in the morning I went to see Mrs. Rogers, and she spoke to her husband. He talked very sensibly to me, and asked if I knew what I was doing. I told him I thought so, and that the Bradlees would help me to the rent. You can't tell how my heart bounded at the sight of that high-arched room.

"'I had one bed made, like these you see, and the ladies liked it and provided others. It is two years since I took the vestry. This fair has brought me into quite a new set. Mrs. Carey is a person everybody likes, and her sister, Mrs. Gardner, is an Episcopalian, and that has interested so many of that church.

"'I have had great trouble to keep the name of "Channing Home," which I gave it in memory of the vestry and not of the man.

"'The Episcopalians did not like it, and would not put it in their notices; but I persisted and sent messages to all the papers, to say that any other name was a mistake, and so yesterday Dr. Borland came in, and told me they had taken a vote, for they thought I ought to have my wish. So it is the "Channing Home," and the patients all clapped when he said it.

"'I have seven in the house; shall have twelve as soon as I can get ready. Five are waiting patiently. That crippled one in black is to be my life-long companion. I dress her every morning. All the movement she can make is the little you see. Dr. Homans would not advise my taking her, for, he said, it would be *till death;* but I said, "Gladly! gladly!"

"'I have a cook, a laundress and a little errand girl, and one nurse;—not a nurse, but a neat, capable woman. I cannot get a nurse who is neat; when I can I will. In emergencies this woman can do nothing, only obey me or my sister. Last Sunday, for instance, when it seemed as if poor Susie would die of her heart trouble.'

"I told Harriet before I came away that I had made these inquiries at the suggestion of a friend in Worcester, and for what cause. A faint glow suffused her face. She put her hand to her eyes.

"'That is beautiful; that does me good! So far off, and yet they think of us!'

She still pursues her hair-dressing. 'I hate these newspaper stories,' she said; 'they would make me drop my work to-morrow, but that it holds me by its beauty.' No cant, no talk about self-sacrifice or disgust. The work has its beauty, and so won her.

Twenty years! It seems as I copy this almost forgotton record, as if it were not an hour since these words fell on my ear in Harriet's silvery tones. Again I see those twisted hands pulling the silver cord; the tremulous, blue lips of Susie, standing by. Again I catch the timid motion of the hand with which Harriet, speaking of her mother's Pro-

testant patient, intimated that her mother was like herself, a Romanist. I hear afresh the sudden "whist" in her voice as she murmured, "I am very afraid of rats," and the dreamy tones in which she said, out of a sweet wisdom, "I knew she was not frivolous at heart."

How wonderful it is that she could have told this story with such innocence! Why did she not see, one would ask, the exceptional strength and purity of her mother's character? Simply, we must suppose, because she had easily kept her own upon the same heroic level, and took all her brave endeavor as a matter of course. We, however, must bear witness to it, for it was Harriet Ryan's mother who founded the "Channing Home," and held her little daughter to her purpose with the words :—"Do you find it so hard to work for God?"

Mrs. Albee left two little girls, in very delicate health when we knew them years ago. If they are now growing into gracious womanhood, proud of every sweet word and noble deed their mother ever uttered, we hope they will turn back and ask who gave that mother birth. There must be a history behind that "Halifax woman!" Such natures are born, not made, but they are none the less the product of generations of culture.

When I asked Harriet's permission to print and sell the little story I have told, she shrank from it as I expected she would, but as I met her from time to time she begged me to see that it was printed after her death. I was to keep it so endorsed that if I did not survive her, her wish would be known—a wish that hung upon her feeling that it would encourage others to begin good work in a *small way*. "I took one girl into my own chamber," she said, "that was the beginning of it all;" and in the interviews we had, she spoke of several costly attempts at charity, which she felt would not turn out well, because they were not built upon experience gradually acquired.

I did not forget her wish, when her death actually came. Before that she had been a wife and mother, and I offered this little sketch to those nearest to her, in the hope that a life would soon be written, of which it might form a part.

But "only herself her tale could chronicle." It grows less and less likely that we shall have, what some of us so passionately desired, the pure record of an obscure life, passing into the full light of love and honor, because of one pure purpose steadily held and wisely pursued. A life lived without one thought of the honor that must follow it, in which she always classed herself with those she served. "It is so beautiful that they remember *us!*"

With the exception of a single instance, which will explain itself, I have preserved the real names of those who assisted her. I think no one of them can object to it, since the mention is so slight, and the honor of having helped her so real. I want the trivial record to pass into history, and it cannot do so unless it carries with it the *body* of the fact. There must be still living persons associated with her, who could add to it charming anecdotes of her saintly walk on earth; and I do not give up the hope that those friends will recognize the verisimilitude of her words, and see to it that they add to the resources of the "Channing Home."

To such friends I offer it at this season of "good will."

CAROLINE H. DALL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Christmas, 1879.

FROM CINCINNATI.

The Unitarian Church in this city, after long years of struggle and discouragement, seems to be reaping the harvest of its faithfulness to liberal and rational principles in religion. Last Sunday was the fourth anniversary of the settlement of its present pastor, and the services were rendered additionally interesting by the dedication of a new organ, recently built for the society. The minister prefaced his sermon with a dedicatory word, the choir of young people sang a jubilant anthem, and then followed a familiar discourse concerning the last year's work and progress in the church, which reflected the cheer and hopefulness at present existing in the congregation. The following hymn was written for the occasion by Prof. W. H. Venable, a member of the society :

Our Fa her, we would consecrate
This organ to Thy righteous name:
The conscious reeds expectant wait,
Thy solemn praises to proclaim.

Oft may these sacred keys prolong
Devotion's calm, celestial mood;
Oft lead the glad thanksgiving song,
And melt the soul to gratitude.

Long may returning Sabbaths greet
Our choral joy in things divine,
Prelusive to the doctrine sweet
Of him who taught in Palestine.

Then, let the organ's solemn breath
Resound Thy praises, Holy One!
Thy grace surviveth sin and death,
Forevermore Thy will be done.

The next evening was held the annual meeting of the society, at which an encouraging exhibit was made. The congregation had raised nearly $20,000 during the year that was past, aside from amounts realized from sales of property; the funded debt had been reduced from $30,000 to $10,600; the present church repaired and refurnished at an expense of $3,000; a new organ costing $1,700—built and paid for (mainly through the efforts of the ladies and young people of the church); the current expenses met, liberal donation made to missionary and charitable causes, and there remained a balance in the treasury.

Better than all, however, these united and unselfish efforts in behalf of a good cause, had promoted a spirit of mutual good-will and devotion to the church among the members. It was resolved to continue the work and clear off the balance of the church debt during the coming year.

The Sunday School has been so fortunate as to find that great blessing, an energetic, faithful and kindly superintendent, who supplements his morning labors in the Sunday School with an afternoon of hard service among 300 children in the House of Refuge, of which he is a trustee.

On three occasions the Sunday School united with the church upstairs in musical and floral services, at Easter, Harvest Home and Christmas. The latter festival was made very beautiful by the use of Rev. Wm. C. Gannett's exquisite arrangement of Scripture and Song.

The Unity Club of young people has done good work during the year. By its various entertainments it has raised $1,200 for church and charitable purposes. Recently it has given a delightful chamber concert of classical music, in which our best local talent participated,—a witty burlesque on the girl of the period with her ceramic and musical craze, written by Mrs. A. W. Brotherton, a member of the club, and last night Rev. W. R. Alger, gave before a goodly audience his lecture on the "Uses of Poetry," which was greatly enjoyed. But the best result of the year's work is the course of Sunday afternoon dime lectures for the people, now being delivered on successive Sundays at Pike's Opera House. The course met with much opposition at first from both the bigoted and the indifferents in religion. It has, however, been a remarkable success. Geo. Jacob Holyoake has spoken on "Co-operation;" Mrs. Livermore on "The Coming Man;" Prof. Edward Orton on "The Geology of Ohio and the Age of the Earth;" and Rev. Mr. Alger on "A Better Future for Humanity on Earth."

The audience has averaged over one thousand at these lectures and amply paid the expenses of the course. Next Sunday we are to have Wendell Phillips on "Wm. Lloyd Garrison," and then follow Wm. Parsons, Prof. A. R. Proctor, Prof. E. S. Morse, Rev. M. J. Savage, and others.

The orthodox element alarmed that this course should even draw members of their churches, are about to start free religious services at the same hour in our great Music Hall, with the great organ and their best preachers as an attraction.

The height of our church life, however, was reached last Wednesday evening, the 21st inst., when we celebrated with special services a social re-union—the semi-centennial of the founding of the Unitarian church in Cincinnati, in 1830. A large congregation was present, beautiful flowers and plants adorned the altar, the new organ lifted up its voice in jubilant praise, and the people sang from the printed programmes hymns written by Revs. A. A. Livermore and James H. Perkins, former pastors of the church, and an original hymn by Mrs. Alice Williams Brotherton, of which the first stanza reads:

"They are gone, the first laborers, earnest in toil,
Who tilled for the Master the field;
Through their furrows we tread as we cast o'er the soil
The seed that rich harvests shall yield.
Rejoicing, not weeping, we fare through the land,
And scatter our handful of seed;
Of each earnest effort, of each ready hand,
The Lord of the Harvest hath need."

A prayer by the pastor, and then came the reading of a historical review of the church, followed by the reading of letters from such of its former Pastors as are living and glad of its present prosperity. Rev. Wm. H. Channing, who resigned his charge here in 1841, sent an eloquent communication in which he spoke in particular of his predecessor, Rev. Ephraim Peabody, and his successor, Rev. James. H. Perkins, the saint and the prophet. Rev. A. A. Livermore who was settled here for six years, wrote a tender and beautiful letter, alluding among other things, to the fact that the Western Unitarian Conference was organized in Cincinnati during his ministry. Moncure D. Conway sent a breezy epistle whose brevity permits its insertion here:

LONDON, Christmas Time, 1879.

Hearty thanks for your good kind letter, and your remembrance of me in connection with the semi-centennial of the First Congregational Church of Cincinnati. But it astonishes me! I never had a notion that the church was such a young thing. I thought it belonged to the pre-historic bronze age of Cincinnati, or at least sprang up along with the first catawba vine planted by Nicholas Longworth. I knew it was very much evolved when I went to it, and some may add, considerably involved when I left it. At any rate, I am sure its present prosperity is an example of the survival of the fittest. When I come to think of it, there is a good long stretch of years since the first Sunday I entered the pulpit at the corner of Fourth and Race streets. How well I remember the old days!

Now and then, when I meet the eminent London composer and conductor, Danreuther, I wonder if he recalls my end of the old church as vividly as I do his thin, small form at the other end, struggling with the organ keys, which he mastered and the pedals which almost mastered him. There were some happy years at the old corner. No misunderstandings, or differences which followed them, and no changes since have ever made me forget any of the brave, earnest and able men and women who used to gather with me there, most of whom I am glad to hear of standing by you now. Goethe says:

"All things would be done so nice,
Could we only do them twice,"

and I sometimes think that if I had my life and ministry at Cincinnati to go over again, with as many gray hairs as I have now, I should be able to make it a pleasanter page in the history of the First Congregational Church.

I have never ceased to cherish the memory of the friendly faces gathered around you at the beginning of your career in Cincinnati. I have seen by the papers that you have been suggesting to the chimneys how they may burn their own smoke, and trust that the orthodox steeples, will learn the same lesson. The smoke of their torment ought not to ascend up for ever and ever. I hope that beautiful Cincinnati will become clean of both coal and dogmatic soot and fair as the Queen of the West should be. My heart will be with you at the banquet of your year of jubilee, and I shall think of it as a golden wedding, the fiftieth anniversary of a union of faithful hearts, based on a profounder union of reason and religion in earnest minds. May you still be present when the diamond wedding arrives, to lay on the society's brow the crown of a higher success, shining with the brilliants yet to be won from the minds of truth and freedom! And if I may be allowed to change the similitude, may our children and our children's children remember this semi-centennial festival as but a vigorous leaf on a flourishing stem when they gather around the century blossom, whose glory will surely crown our cause. Across sea and land I pledge the old First Congregational with the bumper of a full heart.

Ever yours faithfully, MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Hereupon Miss Clara Nourse read charmingly two religious poems: one by Rev. John Pierpont, who labored as a missionary in Cincinnati in 1829, and the other by Rev. C. G. Fenner, who died here after a brief pastorate of six months. More reading of letters followed, from Dr. Bartol, settled over this church for a brief space in 1836, Rev.

Samuel Osgood, D.D., who supplied the pulpit for nine months about the same time, and such good friends of the society as Revs. Drs. Bellows, J. F. Clarke, Geo W. Hosmer, Revs. Wm. Silsbee, Henry Foote and Robert Collyer. Rev. E. H. Hall, of Worcester, Mass., wrote concerning his father, Dr. E. B. Hall, the first regular pastor of this church. A brief but genial word was also received from Rev. Frank Peabody, in memory of his father, the second pastor settled by this church. At the social re-union which followed, after a collection, brief addresses were made y Messrs. Alphonso Taft, John Kebler, M. F. Force, Robert Hosea, Dr. Seth Saltmarsh (formerly a Unitarian minister in Knoxville, Tenn.), and other members of the church. Rev. T. M. Johnson responded for the Universalists, congratulatory letters were read from Revs. Chas. Ames, A. D. Mayo and Chas. Noyes, former Unitarian pastors here, from the venerable Wm. Greene, John Rogers, Mrs. Anne Ryland, and others of the original members of the society—half-dozen of whom still remain to bless us with their presence. The President of the American Unitarian Association sent his greeting, and with a hearty singing of "Auld Lang Syne," the meeting came to a close. It was an ever memorable and delightful occasion in the life of this church. One pleasant feature was a collection of the portraits of past ministers and members of the society, grouped upon a sort of altar, and crowned with flowers and evergreen.

So much space has been devoted in this letter to church matters that I may not tell you of other cheering indications of spiritual and moral growth in the city—the new charity system, the free kindergarten movement, the Woman's Smoke Prevention Society, and other hopeful enterprises, of which more another time. EBELING.

RELIGIOUS UNITY.

IV.

M. J. SAVAGE.

We have seen that, the world and man being what they are, a diversity of Gods and religions was unavoidable. And precisely the same or similar causes which produce different religions will work to the production of different sects or parties within the limits of any particular religion. So Buddhism and Mohammedanism and Christianity all have their different schools. The educated and the ignorant, must, of necessity, have different ideas and theories. If, for example, Jesus had given utterance to only one sentence as containing the fundamental principle and germ idea of a religion, it might have borne one interpretation to one person and another interpretation to another. Any particular statement can hardly mean precisely the same to a child and to a grown and educated man. And when, in place of one sentence we have a large volume, written by different men, of different training and under widely different circumstances, what wonder that many different theories can be derived from it? And when it is all considered equally important, of course each man or body of men, will fix upon and emphasize that which seems the most important.

And yet in the case of Christianity, for instance, all will naturally feel that it is some one thing preeminently, and not half a dozen different and discordant things. Jesus was either man or God. He was miraculously born or he was not. He was preexistent or he was not. He had some special and specific thing which he tried to do, however his reporters may vary. What was that? If it can be found that is Christianity. So men must feel and reason. And when a certain number of men feel sure in their own minds that they have discovered the secret of Christianity, they will naturally strive to bring all others to their way of thinking. If they get strong enough they will probably try to compel dissentients into a unity with themselves. Thus the history of the church has been a long story of attempts after the attainment of unity. Let us look at a few specimens of the methods by which they have sought to bring this about, and see, if we can, why they have thus far failed:

1. The first and most persistent attempt has been in the direction of *coercive organization.* The church organized itself and declared that it alone was the church. It made the claim that to it was committed the keys of heaven, and that it had a monopolizing control of human salvation. As it grew strong enough it crushed all dissent and compelled conformity to itself.

It thus conquered a certain kind of unity, but not the real one it was after. It could maintain a formal unity so long as it could prevent thought—a unity of ignorance and stagnation. And even after men began to cherish independent thought, it could maintain an apparent unity, so long as it was strong enough to prevent a free expression of thought. But it was no real unity just because all were inside one organization, any more than all the tigers and lions and other wild animals of Africa would be made at one by building a high fence entirely around the continent and thus holding them all inside of one inclosure. As an illustration of what is meant look at the United, Catholic, "one true church" of England to-day. Within its limits are as many varieties of theologic speculation as in all the dissenting denominations outside of it. The unity is only apparent, not real.

And it ministers to dishonesty. For you will find Catholics, whose opinions *as Catholics,* are quite unlike their opinions as scientists or men. The attempt at unity by organization then must fail, until some way can be discovered of making men refrain from thought and investigation.

2. Another attempt has been in the direction of trying to unite men in the confession of a common creed. Protestantism attempted this when, in the words of Chillingworth, it made "the Bible and only the Bible the religion of Protestants." And this might have succeeded, provided the Bible had possessed only one meaning; or if only some way could have been devised to make men think it had only one. But so long as men can find trinity and unity in the same Bible; so long as Election and

Universalism can both be found in it; so long as Baptist and Pædo-baptist can fling damnatory texts from the same book at each other; so long the case would appear to be—what it has proved itself—hopeless. The logical outcome of Protestantism—in its dogmatic form—is as many denominations as there are individual, thinking men.

The search for unity, then, by way of the old paths, may be regarded as illusory.

SOMETHING MORE FOR THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS TO DO.

W. C. G.

Something more? Yes. The public school's one aim at present is to shape minds; the something more it ought to aim at is to shape the character of boys and girls as well.

The objector, says:

1. The schools have already more than they can do. The answer is,—then let them do less in mathematics and geography to attend somewhat to honor and justice and public spirit.

2. Influence on character can only be exerted indirectly, incidentally. The answer is,—prove it! *Why* can not a half-hour a day be spent profitably on questions of honor and justice and public spirit, as well as on geography?

3. But influence on character *need* be only incidental and indirect, because enough such influence is all the time exerted by the teacher. The answer is,—Granted that that is the case with the exceptional teacher, it is by no means the case with the average teacher. The fact is that the public opinion of most schools is low, not high.

4. But the public schools are not established to shape character. The answer is,—Why aren't they? What is more important in the making of the good citizen? What is so important? And what place is so well suited for such shaping as the place where boys and girls regularly spend five hours a day in all sorts of relations with other boys and girls, and under the control of law,—what place is so well suited as that for direct training in those principles of honor, justice and public spirit, by which, as men and women, they ought soon to be self-ruled?

5. But the public schools never have done much of this work. The answer is,—that is largely true; but does any one pretend that the public school system is yet perfect? The very question is whether it may not be improved by giving it a new function in this direction of character-shaping. The public is beginning to ask that question very seriously, in view of signs like these:

The alleged increase of crime during the last fifteen years, the half-generation since the close of the war. Specially—

The increasing frequency of conspicuous examples of dishonesty, and—

The apparent deterioration in political morality, showing itself in the vast intrusion of the most private spirit in the conduct of all public business, whether of the town, the State, or the general government.

The increasing tendency of the newspapers to to put the sin of the country on morning parade seven days in the week and three hundred and sixty-five days of the year.

The rising questions of justice between labor and capital, and those between corporations and the public, likely to become the great questions of the day before another question passes.

In view of signs like these, is it not time for the teachers, in their associations, for the Superintendents of Schools in their Reports, for the Educational Journals, for the citizens and the newspapers, to more earnestly take up the question, "Ought not the public schools to assume a new function,—that of directly *shaping character* in boys and girls?"

And we may add, is not this question specially pertinent just now in relation to certain other school-problems of the hour,—the rightful objection, for instance, to the use of the common Bible in schools, and the cry on the other hand about "Godless schools?" The objection is foolish; the cry is absurd; but there they are and are to be regarded. But there is nothing sectarian in honesty, in justice, in public spirit. There is not a Roman Catholic justice, and a Presbyterian justice, and a Unitarian justice, and an "Infidel" justice. All persons in all the churches, and all outside of all the churches, are at one in wanting all the justice, honor and public spirit possible in every boy and girl; and they all mean the same thing by the words. Republicans and Democrats are at one as to all the corner-stones of character. Good character is a State concern, and all are agreed in wanting it. Why cannot the State, through the public school, do something to get it?

The difficulties are great as to methods, but let the will come, and the conviction that the way must be found, and the way *will* be found. We commend our question to the next Teachers' Convention for discussion.

THE CHANNING MEMORIAL CHURCH.

The committee of the Channing "Birth-place Memorial" have issued the following appeal, which we gladly reprint, hoping it may receive a general and generous response:

NEWPORT, R. I., January, 1880.

It has been proposed to honor the approaching centenary of Dr. Channing, by erecting in Newport a Birth-place Memorial Church. It was found that nothing worthy to be called a "Memorial" could be built (including the cost of a desirable lot) for less than $50,000. From the first no subscriptions could be obtained except on the condition of raising at *least* this sum. The Unitarians of Newport, though few in numbers and poor in resources, have, with almost unexampled generosity, pledged $30,000. For the balance they now appeal to the friends of Dr. Channing everywhere.

The ministers of all our liberal churches are hereby solicited to send in parish contributions, gathered either by a committee appointed to secure individual subscriptions (on Dr. Farley's plan of "from one dollar upwards"), or if this can-

not be done, by taking a special collection on the *first favorable Sunday.*

Individuals are also hereby solicited for as generous contributions as their prosperity and their regard for Dr. Channing's memory may move them to make.

All the plans connected with laying the corner-stone on April 7th, must await the generosity of responses to this appeal. Therefore whatever is to be done must be done quickly.

All contributions, whether from parishes or from individuals, should be sent to Rev. R. R. Shippen, No. 7 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass. In case the "Memorial" should not be built according to the conditions, all money received will be placed in the treasury of the American Unitarian Association, or, if requested, returned to the contributors.

At a regular meeting held Jan. 12th, 1880, at No. 7 Tremont Place, Boston, the following was unanimously and very heartily adopted:

Resolved, That the Directors of the American Unitarian Association, cordially commending the purpose of the Unitarian Society of Newport, Rhode Island, to erect a church edifice as a memorial of Channing, would earnestly request the Unitarians of America to contribute generously and promptly, that such purpose may be carried into practical effect, and the Treasurer is hereby authorized to receive whatever contributions shall be made.

By order of the Committee,

M. K. SCHERMERHORN, Secretary.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

J. LL. J.

"What news abroad i' the world?"

COLORADO.—H. H., from her home in the "far West," arraigns the government, in the columns of the New York *Tribune*, for the many breaches of promise. This is timely, for the Indians are just now coming in for a large share of Christian (!) hatred.

ALTON, ILL.—Bro. Fisher, as all might know, is working close up to the line of his strength. His evening lectures through the winter have given him the largest audiences of his pastorate there. His society has the clearest record in town, and everybody is feeling cheerful.

LONGEVITY.—The *New Covenant* infers that a cheerful religion is conducive to old age from the fact that of the nineteen ministers who died in the Universalist ranks last year, one was over ninety, three over eighty, eight over seventy, thirteen over sixty, sixteen over fifty, and only one thirty or under.

KEOKUK, IOWA.—Rabbi Bogan, of the synagogue, recently occupied the Unitarian pulpit during the temporary illness of the pastor, Mr. Andrew, thereby, according to the *Daily Constitution*, "exhibiting his broad views of God, and duty, and humanity, and receiving the commendation of every member of the society."

MICHIGAN.—The house-warming at Jackson produced such a heart-warming in the brethren that several of them forthwith took cloak and staff and went forth to preach the Gospel. Pardee and Kittridge went to Hastings and held a two-days meeting; Sunderland and Billman to Coldwater, and the good fire spread. The latter place is soon to be visited by Mrs. Sunderland and Mr. Billman.

BOSTON, MASS.—The Chestnut street club, which we believe is an evolution of the radical club of heretical fame, listened to a paper from Dr. Hedge, recently, on the various schools of ethics. Ethics he defined as the science of behavior. The systems he classified into three: the selfish, the utilitarian, and the ideal. The Doctor leaned toward the latter, with modifications; without these modifications this system is "in danger of absolutism."

HARTFORD, CONN.—Rev. Dr. T. S. Childs, Presbyterian minister and ex-Professor of the Theological Institute, is preparing a series of discourses in answer to those being delivered by Rev. J. C. Kimball on Unitarian doctrines, and is, by invitation of the Unitarian society, to deliver them on alternate Sunday evenings, in Unitarian Hall. Both sides thus fairly represented from one platform and reported in the same papers, warrant the hope that some minds may be helped to clearer conviction.

THOMAS PAINE.—The murky clouds of religious prejudice and superstitious bigotry are gradually lifting, and people are beginning to realize that this patriot has been the worst abused man in American history, and every friend of historic justice must feel grateful to Robert Ingersoll for his recent championing of this man, who, according to him, was the first to raise his voice for the abolition of the death penalty in the French convention, the first to suggest a federal constitution for the United States, and the first great abolitionist in America.

"THE LIBERAL," VOL. I, NO. 1.—Another candidate for glory or martyrdom in the field of radical thought, published at Leavenworth, Kansas, eight-page monthly, at $1 per annum. The first number contains a discourse on "The Reign of Law," by G. W. Cooke, of Indianapolis; "A Study of Genesis and Science," by Prof. Coleman, of Fort Sill, Indian Territory, and other interesting matter. Westward the star of evolution seems to go. We hope that science will accomplish more than Genesis, for the Indians and the rest of God's children in the far West.

TROY, N. Y.—W. H. Fish, Jr., touched a theme a few Sundays ago that might "throw a coldness over the meetin'," as the colored brother said when asked to preach against henroost robbing, when he preached on honesty, discovering that "there are many other debts besides those of a pecuniary nature which a perfectly honest man will feel bound to pay. * * It should be evident now that a selfish person is an essentially dishonest person. * * He whose aim it is to be strictly honest will strive to contribute his full share to the forces which purify and regenerate the world. He will not wilfully neglect any of his political or social duties."

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—We learn through the *Social Science Journal*, of Chicago, that our friend Gen. James Bintliff, of Darlington, Wis., has been lecturing there on the "Gospel of Health." It was "an eloquent and earnest appeal to men and women to acquaint themselves with the best methods of maintaining soundness of body, by observing with vigilance the laws of health and the best methods of preventing disease and crime." Also that "the Woman's Club is reorganized, and has resolved itself into three sections for the winter's work: section 1st, for the study of geology; section 2d, ancient history; section 3d, the critical study of etchings and engravings."

"THE SIGNAL."—One more temperance paper has been started in Chicago, published under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Illinois, and edited by Mrs. Mary B. Willard. Judging from appearance of present number and some acquaintance with the editor and publisher, we are led to expect much more from this than most well-meant but weakly-conceived organs of temperance. If the management can but keep clearly in view that true temperance is temperate, that true Christianity is never dogmatic, and that the culture which utilizes literature and science is a temperance agency as well as the pledge and the prayer meeting, then is success in store even for a temperance paper. *Unity* greets the *Signal*, welcomes it to its exchange table, and hopes to become fellow-worker with it.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The corner-stone of the new Church of the Messiah (Mr. Snyder's) was laid on Sunday, February 1st. The Scriptures were read by Mr. Learned, the prayer was made by Dr. Eliot, and the address came from Mr. Snyder. Many were present, some who assisted at a similar ceremony in 1850. The occasion awakened tender memories, deep gratitude and great hopes. The new edifice (Mr. Peabody, of Boston, architect) will be of stone, substantial, elegant, costing with the ground about $100,000.—A depository for liberal and Unitarian books has been opened in St. Louis, at Townsend's, on Washington ave., where the publications of the A.U.A. and many others will be kept, and subscriptions will be received for *Unity*, the *Register*, and other periodicals. This excellent arrangement is due to the efforts of Mr. Joseph Shippen.

LA PORTE, IND.—This looks like "enlisting for the war." The society have engaged Mr. Crooker "on a salary sloping gently upwards." Under such a dispensation the sermons will doubtless slope in the same way.—By the way, this is what Bro. Chainey, of Evansville, Ind., calls Bro. Crooker's Polytechnic Sunday School, which he is soon to pattern after in his parish: Classes 1 and 2, Primary and Secondary Infant Class, using Unity S. S. Lessons and Infant Class Cards. No. 3, Health Class, boys and girls ten to twelve years old taught the primary principles of hygiene, by a lady. No. 4, Business Ethics, lads from fifteen to eighteen taught by a practical business man. No. 5, Household Class, young Misses of same age taught by a practical housekeeper—a course of study on home-making. No. 6, Citizens' Class, or Duties toward the State, tanght by one schooled in public life, a prominent citizen. No. 7, Literature Class, ages sixteen to twenty, taught by a practical teacher, at work for the present on the writings of Dickens. No. 8, Sociological Class of adults, using Herbert Spencer's Sociology as a basis, taught by a physician interested in modern thought. The plan involves Class No. 9 in Comparative Religions, conducted by the pastor. The pupils are allowed the liberty of choosing their class, and in this case at least has resulted in making a very excellent, live school out of a common-place one.

JOTTINGS.

S. S. HUNTING.

The Christian world has too long rung the theme of salvation by believing on the one hand, and by sacrament on the other. The supposed magic of holding a visible relation with apostles and saints is no more delusive than the supposition that believing is salvation.

He who laid the axe at the root of the tree of insincerity and shams, plainly taught that the divine kingdom opens not to those who with professions proclaim the Lordship of the Master, but to them who are obedient to the divine will. Believing is good just so far as the objects of belief are real, but only those who obey the truth, who take the vision from the clouds of theory and realize them in their conduct, have their house built upon a rock.

Our lives are not exempt from those inscrutable laws which we call providential, but the *right life* is an end to be attained by every one in obedience to an ideal of duty.

"I cannot dig; I will not beg!" What will you do, young friend, with the mind that directs your "hands to war and your fingers to fight," or guides you in the multiform paths of peace?

In the winter seasons there is an honest effort made to bring persons to the *right* life by what are called *revivals* of religion, and we hear much of conversion, baptism and sacramental wine, and God is invoked by gift and hymn. I open my book and read what Buddha said, as given in the "Light of Asia:"

"Nought from the helpless gods by gift and hymn,
Nor bribe with blood, nor feed with fruit and cakes;
Within *yourself deliverance must be sought*,
Each man his prison makes.

"Each hath such lordship as the loftiest ones;
Nay, for with powers above, around, below,
As with all flesh and whatever lives,
ACT *maketh joy and woe.*"

From an excellent article on "equality" in the January *Atlantic*, we take the following: "Inequality appears to be the divine order; it always has existed; undoubtedly it will continue; all our theories and *a priori* speculations will not change the nature of things. Every inequality of condition is the basis of progress, the incentive to exertion. Fortunately if to-day we could make every man white, every woman as like man as nature permits, give to every human being the same opportunity of education, and divide equally among all the accumulated wealth of the world, to-morrow differences, unequal possession, and differentiation would begin again. We are attempting the regeneration of society with a misleading phase; we are wasting our time with a theory that does not fit the facts.

There is an equality, but it is not of outward show; it is independent of condition; it does not destroy property nor ignore the difference of sex, nor obliterate race traits. It is the equality of men before God, of men before the law; it is the equal honor of all honorable labor. No more pernicious notion ever obtained lodgment in society than the common one that to "rise in the world" is necessarily to change the "condition." Let there be content with condition; discontent with individual ignorance and imperfection. 'We want,' says Emerson, 'not a farmer, but a man on a farm.' What a mischievous idea is that which has grown, even in the United States, that manual labor is discreditable! There is surely some defect in the theory of equality in our society, which makes domestic service to be shunned as if it were a disgrace.

It would be considered a humerous suggestion to advocate inequality as a theory or as a working dogma. Let us recognize it, however, as a fact, and shape the efforts for the improvement of the race in accordance with it, encouraging it in some directions, restraining it from injustice in others. Working by this recognition, we shall save the race from many failures and bitter disappointments, and spare the world the spectacle of republics ending in despotism and experiments of government ending in anarchy."

SCRIPTURES, OLD AND NEW.

COMPILED BY F. L. H.

THE KINGDOM WITHIN.

And being asked by the Pharisees when the kingdom of God would come, Jesus answered them and said: The kingdom of God cometh not with observation; nor will they say, Lo here! or Lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you. —*Gospels.*—[*Luke* xvii. 20-21.]

Know ye not that ye are God's temple, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?—[I. Cor. iii.] As it is written: 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him'; but God hath revealed them to us by his Spirit.—[do. ii.] This I say, then: Walk by the Spirit; and the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance.
—[Gal. v.—*Paul.*]

Behold, the days come, saith the LORD, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel: I will put my law within them, and upon their hearts will I write it. And they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know ye the LORD: for they shall all know me, from the least to the greatest of them.—[xxxi.]
—*Jeremiah.* [*about* 600 *B. C.*]

Thy hands have made and fashioned me;
Give me understanding that I may learn thy law!
Teach me, O LORD, the way of thy statutes
That I may keep it to the end!
Thy word have I hid in my heart,
That I might not sin against thee;
That word is a lamp to my feet,
And a light to my path.
Happy are they who are upright in their way,
Who walk in the way of the LORD.—[cxix.]
—*Hebrew Psalms.*

It is in thy power whenever thou shalt choose to retire into thyself. For nowhere either with more quiet or more freedom from trouble does a man retire than into his own soul. * * * Constantly then give thyself to this retreat, and renew thyself; and let thy principles be brief and fundamental, which, as soon as thou shalt recur to them, will be sufficient to cleanse the soul completely, and to send thee back free from all discontent with the things to which thou returnest.—(iv.)
—*Marcus Aurelius.* [121—180 *A. C.*]

Why say 'I will go to Benares', why long for the sacred wells? How shall the true Benares be reached by the evil-doer?

The source of happiness is inherent in the heart; he is a fool who seeks it elsewhere: he is like the shepherd who searched for the sheep which was in his bosom.

That light, like the morning star, that dwells in the inmost heart of every man, is our refuge. —*Vemana.* (*Hindu*, 17th *Cent.*)

If there be joy in the world, surely a man of a pure heart possesseth it. And if there be anywhere tribulation and anguish, an evil conscience best knoweth it.
—*Thomas a Kempis*, (1380—1471). [*Imitation.* I. *ch.* iv.]

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
—*Milton.* (1608—1674.)

The greatest evils are from within us, and from ourselves also we must look for our greatest good.

No wise man did ever describe felicity without virtue; and no good man did ever think virtue could depend upon the variety of a good or bad fortune. —*Jeremy Taylor.* (1613—1667.)

I would not entertain a base design, or an action that should call me villain, for the Indies: and for this only do I love and honor my own soul. —*Sir Thomas Browne*, (*Religio-Medici.*)

Alas, the fearful Unbelief is unbelief in yourself. . . What art thou afraid of? What is the sum total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, death: and say the pangs of Tophet too, and all that the Devil and man may, will or can do against thee! Hast thou not a heart? Canst thou not suffer whatsoever it be, and as a child of Freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it come, then; I will meet it and defy it.

And as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul; and I shook base fear from me forever. I was strong, of unknown strength. Ever from that time the temper of my misery was changed. . . The Everlasting No had said: 'Behold, thou art fatherless, outcast, and the Universe is mine' (the Devil's); to which my whole Me now made answer: 'I am not thine, but free, and forever hate thee!'

It is from this hour that I incline to date my spiritual New-birth: perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a man.
—*Carlyle*, (*Sartor Resartus.*)

All true happiness and nobleness are near us, and yet neglected by us: and till we have learned how to be happy and noble, we have not much to tell, even to Red Indians. * * To watch the corn grow, and the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over ploughshare and spade; to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray,—these are the things that make men happy; they have always had the power of doing these, they never *will* have power to do more. —*John Ruskin.*

Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. . . . It is only as a man puts off all foreign support, and stands alone, that I see him to be strong and to prevail. . . . Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. —*Emerson*, (*Self-reliance.*)

The fountain of tranquillity is in ourselves.
—*Plutarch*, (*First Century A. C.*)

Out of mud springs the lotus-flower; out of clay come gold and many precious things; out of oysters, pearls. . . . As from sources of little esteem come the precious things of earth, even so it is with hearts that hold their fortune within. They need not lofty birth nor noble kin. Their victory is recorded. —*Buddhist Scripture.*

All the earth I'd wandered over, seeking still the beacon light,
Never tarried in the daytime, never sought repose at night;
Till I heard a reverend preacher all the mystery declare,
Then I looked within my bosom, and 'twas shining brightly there.
—*From the Persian.*

We offer sacrifices in memory of those who have given us corn and the vine; and shall we not give thanks to God, for those who have nurrured such fruit in the human breast,—even the truth which makes us blessed?—(I. ch. iv). *Epictetus* [1*st Century A. C.*]

THE GROWTH OF THE HEBREW RELIGION.

BY W. C. GANNETT.

Lesson 17.

OTHER-WORLD IDEAS: PERSIAN INFLUENCE.

The deepening spiritual life showed itself in another way,—new beliefs about the soul began to creep into the religion. The Old Testament couples faith in the national God with a passionate faith in the national future; but almost to its close it is a Bible without concern for *individual* immortality. The simple belief was that underneath the earth a gloomy vault, called *Sheol*,[40] lay, into which the good and bad together sank at death, there to join a silent, shadowy population, thinking, feeling, doing nothing. Now and then a rare Angel moved through the early history, but Jehovah was creator of his own evil as well as good, The New Testament on the other hand is full of reference to "other-world" ideas. The difference seems strange till we look into the Apocrypha and the very latest parts of the Old Testament, where we discover these **"Other-World" Beliefs**[41] just springing into vigor. A natural growth; for as Israel's God became each Israelite's God, so with the nation's immortality,—it also became personal, the individual's immortality. But in part this change came on through foreign influence. The descendants of the exiles who remained behind in Babylonia after the Return had become a large and thriving colony,—even furnishing many a favorite[42] to the royal palace, if we may trust tradition. There among their Persian rulers the Jews were in close contact with a religion all a-glow with "other-world" ideas; and the bright **Persian Faiths**[43] proved catching. And as close connections were also kept up with the fatherland, doctrines about Angels, about Devils, about a Life-after-Death, about a Judgment and a Resurrection, began to creep across the desert and spread among the people in Judea, until—to glance onward again to Jesus' time—we find his story beginning with an "angel-song" and ending with a "resurrection and ascension," watch him going about to "cast out devils" from the sick, and hear him often speak of the "everlasting life" or the "everlasting[44] fire" beyond the grave.

Read "Satan," Job i. 6-12; ii. 1-10.
"The Angel of Prayer," Tobit ii. 1-8; xii.
"God created man to be immortal," Wisdom of Solomon, ii.-iii. 10. (Stanley's "Jewish Church," vol. iii. 304-8.)

40. Sheol: See Is. xxxviii. 18, 19; xiv. 4-12; Job iii. 13-19; Eccles. ix. 2-10. Is religion possible without concern for personal immortality? Christians are wont to think not, although their own Hebrew Bible is so bare of the belief. The absence left its mark in several ways on the religion: (1) It shows how little Moses borrowed from the Egyptian religion, in which the Future Judgment and Resurrection were mighty beliefs shaping the people's whole life and worship. (2) To it was due the Old Testament faith that the good man and nation were rewarded *here* with length of days and fruitful fields and peace, and the bad man and nation with disaster,—a faith supplying ample motives for an increasing righteousness. (3) As this faith died, it left the "problem of evil" quite insoluble, a ceaseless Job-question, until the heaven, hell and resurrection-doctrines began anew to solve it. (4) It made the more intense their Messianic dream of the *nation's* glorious future on the earth.—With that unbelief, faith, motive, dream, compare the modern doubt of personal immortality, the faith in Nature's Moral Laws, and the dream of an ever-bettering earth. See Geo, Eliot's poem, "O may I join the choir invisible."—**41. Other-World Beliefs:** For the rising belief at this time in *Angels*, see Zech. throughout; Ps. xci. 11; ciii. 20-1; cxlviii. 2; Dan. ix 21; xii. 1; Tobit xii. 15. For *Devils*, see Job i-ii; Ps. lxxviii. 49; Zech. iii. 1; 1 Chron. xxi. 1; Tobit iii., vi. For *Resurrection* and *Judgment*, see Dan. xii. 2, 3, (the only distinct trace of the doctrine in the O. T., for Ps. xvi. 10-11 and Job xix. 25-6 are misinterpreted,) and 2 Mac. vii., while Ecclesiastes and Ecclesiasticus speak for the sceptics, and Wisdom of Solomon shows the sceptics combatted. And on all three beliefs, see Stanley's "Jewish Church," vol. iii. 175-8, 182-8, 371-6.—**42. Favorite:** Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Daniel, Tobit all preserve these Court-traditions. The Captivity and its land long remained the favorite field of Jewish romance-writers. For Esther see Stanley, vol. III, p 192-202.—**43. Persian faiths:** There was so much in common between the two religions that borrowing was easy. The Persians also worshipped a One, Supreme, Invisible, Holy, All-Righteous God; worshipped him without idols, and with an elaborate Law of purifications, and with a life whose ideal was summed up in their constant prayer for "good thoughts, good words, good deeds." But they also believed in an Arch-Fiend, the Lord of Death and Hell, whose swarming hosts were ever battling against the good God and his angels, the shining "Immortal Holy Ones;" in a Judgment after death for every soul; in a Heaven and a Hell, the latter not eternal but a Purgatory; in a Conquering Savior, and an awful Day of Flame, at whose end Nature would stand purified, Hell become a part of Heaven, and the Arch-Fiend an angel of the Eternal Light! It was these additional beliefs that came creeping into Judaism, and from Judaism into Christianity. Christianity owes its Satan, its devils, its angels, its resurrection of the body, its heaven and hell and purgatory, largely to old Persia. For a sketch of the Persian Religion, see Clarke's "Ten Great Religions," 171-208 For its influence on Judaism, see Stanley's "Jewish Church," vol. III., 202-8. —**44. Everlasting fire:** Do you believe in devils,—in *the* Devil? Why, or why not? The Jews of Jesus' time thought that insanity, epilepsy, etc, were caused by devils taking possession of one's body: do you suppose Jesus thought so, too? If so, must we believe so? What special horror of Christian history rose out of the belief in Satan? Do you believe in hells,—in the Eternal Hell? Why, or why not? Did Jesus? Is he calculating the extent or the certainty of future reward and punishment in Matt. xxv. 31-46, etc.? What is a Purgatory? Do you believe in that? What are "indulgences?" What two great movements in Christian history hinged on belief in them.

Lesson 18.

GREEK INFLUENCE. THE HOLY WAR FOR FREEDOM AND JEHOVAH. (167-138 B. C.)

Two hundred years of Persian rule, and then a mightier than Cyrus came storming over Asia (about 330 B. C.); and for the next two hundred years the little land was a corner of the great Greek world that Alexander[45] left behind him. A corner of Greek-Egypt, first; then of Greek-Syria. Many Jews were carried off to Egypt to colonize the grand new capital, Alexandria. There by the Nile[46] they made themselves as much at home as their brethren of the earlier exile had done by the Euphrates. Jerusalem sat like a mother between her daughter in the east and her daughter in the

west. And as the Persian faiths were caught by one, so Greek ideas were caught by the other. Soon the Alexandrians began translating[47] their Scriptures into Greek; and presently by finding allegories[48] in the stories and double senses in the words they discovered half the Greek philosophy[48] in Genesis. The Greeks had borrowed the ideas of Moses, it was claimed! One by one the Apocrypha appeared, and other books—new-written, but ascribed to ancient worthies, Greek and Hebrew: fictitious titles were the rule rather than the exception in this age. This gradual blending of the Greek and Hebrew thought in Alexandria did much to make the Mediterranean world a cradle-land for Christianity. "Either Plato philonizes or Philo platonizes," men said of Philo,[49] the most famous of the Jewish allegorists. He lived at the same time with Jesus, and, although they probably never heard of one another, without him we may almost say that Jesus would not have been the Christ of Christianity; for it was his doctrine of a Living and Creating "*Word*[49] of God" that prepared Greek minds to exalt a Jewish Christ into the incarnate Life and Light of men.

Meanwhile the Jews of the fatherland knew little of, cared little for, these half-lost countrymen with their Greek-sided speculations. Yet even there at home among the Priests and Scribes and "Law," Greek towns were being built, Greek games were played, and Greek names being given to children.

And now we must drop down to the year 167 B. C., when Antiochus of Syria was the king. With the Persian ideas still spreading from the east and now Greek fashions,[50] if not ideas, spreading from the north and west, the king began to fancy that with a little force he could squeeze all the Judaism out of the "Chosen People." His royal word went forth, "No reading of the Law! No Sabbath-keeping! No more sacrifices for Jehovah!" He even set up idol-altars and compelled them to offer sacrifices at them; and to eat pork, their holy horror; and, abomination of desolations! on the great altar in Jehovah's Temple a sow was sacrificed to Jupiter! Little knew the king the temper of the people. If only he had *not* tried to strangle Judaism, possibly its life might have ebbed away before the foreign influences. But the persecution banded all the zealots in the land together. Rather than give up Jehovah and Jehovah's Law the people turned at bay; for thirty years they fought and died under the lead of an aged priest and his five brave sons called the **Maccabees**[51] or "Battle-maces,"—fought and died until at last they wrung their independence from the Syrian kings. It was a second **Holy War,**—like Samuel's strike for Freedom and Jehovah a thousand years before. And the little book of "**Daniel**"[52] written by some pious patriot of the crisis to keep alive his people's trust in their Jehovah remains a relic of the hero-age.

Read "The Beauty of the Heaven with its glorious show," Ecclesiasticus xliii.
"Wisdom, the Worker of all things," Wisd. Sol. vii. 22–30.
"The Aged Martyr," 2 Macc. vi. 18–31.

45. Alexander: Speak of him as one of the great history-shapers, his mission being to "sow Greece." Rome reaped the harvest and sowed it again through all the Mediterranean world. And then the field was ready for planting Christianity. Compare the two sowers, the two history-shapers,—the Conqueror and the Crucified. For the legend about Alexander at Jerusalem, see Stanley's "Jewish Church," vol. III., 265. (We must take now to Stanley for our guide, as the volume of the "Bible for Learners" that will fill the gap between the Old and New Testaments is not yet translated.)——**46. Nile:** See Stanley, III., 279-283.——**47. Translating:** The famous version called the *Septuagint*. The miracle, etc., in Stanley, III., 283-291. It was the O. T. most used by early Christians, the one still used by the Greek Church. Roman Catholics use a Latin translation made afresh from the Hebrew about 400 A. D., called the *Vulgate*. Protestantism first brought into use translations into modern languages. What can you tell the children about our "King James" translation, and the new one now being made? ——**48. Allegories: Greek Philosophy:** See above, Part III., notes 25, 30, 34; and Stanley, III., 309-14 By "allegory" any verse can be proved to mean anything; you read your meaning in, and then you read it out. It is the common way of spiritualizing old Bibles that have grown untrue or distasteful to a later age. The Jewish Rabbins and the early Christian Fathers excelled at it. To-day Swedenborg is the great magician of the art, and the harmonizers of the Bible and Science are apt at it. Other Bibles besides ours,—the Egyptian myths, the Vedas, the Koran, etc.,—have been spiritualized in the same way. What think you of the process? We all allegorize, talk in symbols, can be half-poets without knowing it; but is it dealing honestly with the old writers,—be they men or God,—to suppose that *they meant* the "double senses," e. g, that the six creative days of Genesis meant Six Ages, each millions of years long? Do you enjoy the allegory written by the preaching tinker in prison?——**49. Philo: Word:** Of Philo's writings several volumes remain, through which runs his famous doctrine of the "Word" or *Logos*. *Logos* means both *Thought* and *Word*, and so, in reference to God, means either God's very Mind, or God as uttering himself in Creation, Providence and man's Spirit; and Philo often speaks of this uttered Logos almost as if it were a person, a subordinate divinity, calling him Son of God, First-born, Mediator, Light, etc,—the very names used later in the New Testament for Jesus the Christ. It cannot be better described than in John i. 1-5, 9-13. But John adds, vv. 6-8, 14-18, the new idea that in Jesus this divinity "was made flesh and dwelt among us." The Being thus *blended* of the Greek "Logos" and the Hebrew "Christ" proved to be the very Being which the Mediterranean world, with its old faiths fast dying out, was able to accept and worship as its God,—a God-Man, a God infinite yet made real to the mind by incarnation. Later this mystic Two-in-One grew into a Three-in-one, the Christian "Trinity." Thus the Philo-John doctrine of the Logos Incarnate is the very heart of Christendom's theology. Incarnation is a common idea in other religions also, but nowhere on so grand a scale. What are "Trinitarians?" What are "Unitarians?" The difference between believing in Incarnation and in *the* Incarnation? Can you think a grander, truer thought than the first belief? Can you imagine evidence sufficient to prove the latter true? Yet in what do you think of God as *most* incarnate?——**50. Greek fashions:** See Stanley, III., 270, 323-6. ——**51. Maccabees:** The Apocrypha contains two stirring accounts of the Holy War written about 100 B. C. They show, especially the second, how quickly legends overgrow heroic history. Stanley weaves a brilliant chapter from them: For the Persecution, see his vol. III., 326-335. The Rising of the Maccabees, 337-341. The Re-dedication of the Temple, just three years after the "Abomination," 344-8. The Battle-fields, 341-364. The Narrowness yet Nobleness of the Struggle, 364-8.——**52. Daniel:** Quite possibly the book called Daniel holds traditions of a real hero of the Captivity, but that it was written about 165 B. C. in the Antiochian persecution, and was the last book written of the Old Testament, is almost certain; still more certain, of course, that there is no reference to Jesus Christ or the End of our World. See B. f. L. ii. 555-566; Stanley, III., 77-81; 335-7. The book shows, however, the new form in which Hebrew Prophecy was about to revive,—as the *Apocalypse*, i. e., as mystic pictures purporting to be visions of the future unrolled before some seer of the long ago. Presently Enoch, Solomon and others were figuring in just the same way as this Daniel. (See, again, note 25 above.) But not always before an *ancient* seer; Matt. xxiv., etc., and "Revelations" are New Testament Apocalypses.

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